
Title: Lilith

Author:

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A dark and terrible, yet
painfully beautiful woman
sits on an obsidian
throne.

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Lilith, the Dark Mother
Her skin of silk, her eyes
acharm,
Her voice of glass, her
flaming hair.
I sense her lust, she
means me harm,
My heart is hers, I do
not care.
Sing, sing, in love I sigh
Without her touch, I'll
surely die.
Weep, weep, my death is
nigh,
And by her lips I die.

My heart is ice, my
tongue is stone,
My blood runs cold, my
spirit fled.
Dead fields of joy where
salt is sown,
My love has gone and
left me dead.
The legend of Lilith is as
ancient as the story of
creation itself. Throughout
several planes of
existence, through several
names and identities,
Lilith has been known as
the first sentient, female
being. Born immortal, She
instantly assumed the
power of a Goddess, the
first and most powerful
Goddess. In descriptions
and stories of other
goddesses, especially ones
whose profiles incorporate

feminine strength, evil or
seduction, there can
always be found a
common thread that links
back to the Dark Mother.
All such goddesses are
incarnations of Lilith.